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VOLUME I

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bad at the street words of the

Paring at the Gate.

We part at the breezy gloaming. Here at the garden gate ; Part for no future meeting,

Coldly, as if with hate. I was your slave for a summer ; Well, it is autumn now. Somehow I must forget it all-

God knows how ! Perfect as seems your conquest, What have you found it worth ! Low I am crushed, I grant you,

Low as the common earth; Willing to kneel for your pitty, Manhood a ruin, now; Somehow the shadow of all I was-God knows how!

Distance between us lies Wraps us in mysteries Where is your triumph! You answer Just with faint laughter, now; omehow you must repent, one day-

Ged knows how !

Where is the triumph ! To-morrow

Taken at his Word. A wide cook-kitchen, after the airy fashion of New England, with the self? breath of grape blossoms coming in at strawberries waiting to be hulled-

this is our scene, and our dramatis personæ consist of Mrs. Perkins, whose drowsily-clicking knitting needles keep their sockets!" he groaned. "Are time to the purr of the overgrown Maltese cat, and a pretty girl with Perkins forgotten there's any one in rather a flushed face, who had just eu- the world but her and her snuff box ?" tered from a doorway leading to the

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, looking up with that ineffably wise expres sion which is imparted to the human countenance by round silver spectacles perched obliquely on the bridge of the nose, " he ain't asleep, is he?"

"Yes he is," was the answer. "Glory be thanked for that at impalling herself on a long knitting door and window-quick." needle, which, however, entered harmlessly into the horn sheath that she wore at her side, encased in a scolloped red flannel, "There will be five minutes of peace at last. You're tired sky streamed like a flood of flery raout, ain't you, Dora ?"

rather tired."

But her languid voice spoke plainly that the more accurate phrase whould have been "very tired." Theodora White was a slender, softeyed girl of eighteen, with a complex- at least to be quite free from disease; uncle.

ion of pearly clearness, and a rose on each cheek-a girl with a pure, straight away ?" nose and a dimple on her chin, and a pretty, pleading way of looking at you when she spoke. She sat down beside the window, where the mignonsette-scented grape blooms were swaying in the summer air, and leaned her forehead against the casement.

Mrs. Perkins eyed her with an owl-

like glance of sympathy. "It's a shame, so it is," said Mrs Perkins, exphatically. "A man hasn't no business to be 'so trying'-no, not if he were sick forty times over !-Scold, snap, snarl-this ain't right, and t'other thing is wrong! That's the way he keeps it up. I'd as soon

wait on the 'old boy' himself." Theodora smiled faintly, and arch-

ed her eyebrows. "Why, Mrs. Perkins, you don't mean to compare my Uncle Joseph with so obnoxious a personage as you allude to?" she said demurely.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, reflectively, "they ain't so unlike after all .- ly. I declare, sometimes, when he gets in his tantrums, I've two minds and a half to give him a good shaking.-There aint no sense in a man being so unreasonable. You can't please him no way you can fix it."

"We can at least try, Mrs. Per-

"Yes, and that's just what's spoilreach it down. It always did spoil tellect and turned her brain? children to let them have all they want, and your Uncle Joseph sin't briefly, after a moment's pondering

nothing but a grown up child." But I dont let him have all he wants, Mrs. Perkins."

"And a pretty kettle of fish there'd on the snowy, folded napkin that be if you did. Humph!" and the old flanked it on the tray. housekeeper pounced nown her ball as if she had for a moment identified it threw down the spoon with a petulent smoke wreathing up under his window. with the personage under discussion. "It mightn't be a bad idea," said

"Be you crazy?" demanded Mrs. started obediently for the door. Perkins, tartly. "Hush !"

And she was gone, swift, noiseless

awake; he wants me."

as a white-winged dove, before Mrs. got the nutmeg. Perkins could volunteer to go in her stead. "Yes," said Mrs. Perkins to herself, "it's as insipid as dish-water."

her seat with uplifted finger. "He is

"it is a shame. He seems to think she's made of cast iron and India rubber-the old torment." With this rather illogical expres-

than ever. Meanwhile Theodora hastened up stairs into the closely curtained sickroom, where a quarrulous old gentleman lay, tortured with a great deal of

"hipo," and a very little actual illness. But Uncle Joseph White chose who, pray, was a better judge of the up once more." state of his bodily health than him-

He screwed his face up into the re the open windows and a glistening tin semblance of a nut cracker as his niece pan on the table full of dewy, scarlet hurriedly entered the apartment and came to his bedside.

"I've been thundering on the floor till my arms are ready to drop out of you all deaf down stairs? or has old

"I'm very sorry, uncle." "Actions speak louder than words," snarled Uncle Joseph, ungracefully. "How do you feel now, Uncle Joseph 9" asked Theodora, soothingly.

"Are you?" "Pulse higher-skin hot-face flushed; of course I'm worse. This confounded hot room is enough to throw east," said Mrs. Perkins, apparently any one into a fever! Open every

"I'm worse."

Without an instant's hesitation Theopen four large windows and two and presently he opened his eyes the doors. The light from the western least little bit in the world. diance into the room; the draft, whirl-- "Yes," said Theodora White, "I am ing through, caught up newspapers, fluttered the leaves of books, and even up-set Uncle Joseph's pet bottle of

medicine. "O-w-w-w!" roared the old man with vehemence, that proved his lungs "do you want to blind me or blow me

"You told me to do it, Uncle Joseph.

"Shut the windows quick-draw the curtains," grouned Uncle Joseph .-"Who's that battering down the door ?" "It's only a very gentle knocking,

"Then I'm nervous. Go and see." Presently Theodora returned. "It's Major Crowfoot, uncle; he

learn how you are." "Tell him to go to the deuce." "Yes, uncle." "Well," said Uncle Joseph, as his

"He seemed very much offended, Joseph, "and you may tell him so with uncle.

"Offended! at what, pray?" de manded Uncle Joseph.

"I suppose at being told to go to the deuce!" answered Theodora quiet-"Girl!" ejaculated the invalid, rais

ing himself half-way upon his clbow, "you didn't tell him that." "Yes I did, uncle. You said yourself. 'Tell him to go to the deuce.'

"Theodora, are you a fool?"

dora, beginning to whimper. Uncle Joseph stared at her in suring him. He knows very well that if prise. Could it be possible that the

"I'm very sorry, uncle," said Theo-

"Give me my water-gruel," he said over the unwelcome possibility. Theodora brought in a neat little china bowl, with a silver spoon lying tion!"

sound not unlike a bark. "Trash, trash ! Insipid as dish-wa-Theodara, after a moment's thought- ter. Throw it to the pigs."

Theodora took up the bowl "Here, here!" roared Uncle Theodora started from seph, "where are you going to ?"

NUMBER 16.

"To the pig-pen, unele." "Are you crazy, girl?" The gruel's good enough, only Mrs. Perkins for-

"But, uncle," said Theodora, tasting daintily of the contents of the bowl,

"Will you allow me to have an opinion of my own?" snarled Uncle Josoph. "It's very good, if that old erone down stairs will add the nut- but yet in vain. sion of her opinion, Mrs. Perkins re- meg and give it anather boil. Quick,

> A minute afterwards Mrs. Perkins awanting now ?"

"A little grated nutmeg in this to believe that he was very ill; and gruel, and uncle would like it warmed bed for a year, a runnin' as if a tiger "What were you smiling about

> "Was I smiling ?" "Your eyes were if your mouth wasn't," said Mrs. Perkins, keenly. "Will you be as quick as you can

Mrs. Perkins?" said Theodora, "He

Dora ?"

says he's hungry."

But when Theodora re-entered her uncle's room, the invalid had taken another tack.

"Why didn't you stay all day ?" he growled. "Indeed, uncle, I hurried all I could," pleaded Dora. "Here's the

gruel all smoking." But Uncle Joseph hook his shead. "It's too late; I've lost my appetite," he mouned.

"Won't you have the gruel, uncle?" "No, I won't." And Uncle Joseph closed his eyes about him. as if to signify that he was too weak to debate the question further. He waited auxiously for Theodora to press odora unbarred the blinds, and threw the question further, but she did not,

"Theodora ?"

"Sir." "I'll try just one spoonful of gruel before it gets too cold."

"Why, unele, I threw it away. "Threw-my-gruel-away!" gasped the sick man, breathlessly. "You told me you did not want it

"I told you so! Furies and fiddlestrings! You might know by this time that I don't mean what I say .-Get me some more-quick. If I hadn't been bedridden for more than a year, I could go twice as fast as you do," he added, grumblingly. "I never saw such a spail in my life. Oh. dear.

to think I shall never walk again." Uncle Joseph lay counting the seonds until his niece brought him the second bowl of gruel, this time so de sends his compliments, and wishes to liciously made that even he could not find fault with it.

it on the table at the bedside, "the doc tor said vesterday, that he really niece returned to his bedside, after a thought, if you were to try, you could momentary absence, "what did he walk as well as anybody." "The doctor's a fool," said Uncle

> my compliments." "I will uncle, the next time he comes."

"Theodora ?" "Sir." "If you do, I'll disinherit you."

"Very well, Uncle." "Theodora, you'll have to feed me This annoyance has weakened me terribly." "Yes, uncle."

ing me." But Theodora kept resolutely on. "Sto-o-p!" spluttered Uncle Joseph, nimbly scrambling to the other side of he was to want the moon, you'd hunt dreary days and weeks of her stead- the bed. "What do you mean, Theoup the longest stepladder, and try to fast attendance had weakened her in- dora? Didn't I tell you to stop? I

was I to know that this was an excep-

Uncle Joseph's tongue when suddenly Uncle Joseph took one taste, and he caught sight of a column of blue "What's that smoke ?" he ejaculat-

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Theodora dropped the spoon and bowl, and rushed out of the room, shricking, "The house is no fire! help! murder! thieves!"

The servants below the stairs eaught up the cry and echoed it in shrill dismay. Uncle Joseph listened with bristled hair and dilated eyes. "Here! help!" he bawled, but no

one responded. Louder still he yelled, "Am I to stay here in my bed to be sumed her knitting more vigorously now-I'm getting hungry. A man burned to death?' he asked himself must eat, even if he's at death's and scrambled out with agility that

> The servants were arrayed on the was surprised by Theodora's entrance. lawn, staring in every direction to find "Well," said the housekeeper, "what's the exact locality of the fire, when the gardner uttered a shriek. "If there ain't master, as hasn't left his

fairly surprised himself.

was arter him !" "Where-where's the fire ?" panted Uncle Joseph, gazing wildly around him.

Mis. Perkins rushed to the front door, her cap-strings streaming. "I never saw such a pack of born idiots in my life !" she gasped. "There ain't no fire-only a few pieces of green wood I put on the kitchen fire! One would think you'd never seen smoke afore, and-why, if there ain't master!"

"Theodora," said Mr. White, looking

omewhat sheepish where did you see

a fire ?" "I didn't see it, uncle, but you said the house was on fire," Theodora made answer demurely, "and of course I thought you must know. Please, uncle,

"I won't !" said Uncle Joseph, gathering the skirts of his wrapper close

"But, uncle, you're sick."

go back to bed again."

"No, I'm not!"

"Unele do you really mean it." "Of course I do, Theo!" And he did mean it. The cure had been effected; and Theodora mentally congratulated herself on her plan of treatment. And Uncle Joseph never alleded to the day

on when his niece had taken him so implicitly at his word. Temperance Lecture. Billy Rose, a temperance lecturer, at Rushville, Ill., was preaching to

the young on his favorite theme. He "Now, boys, when I asked you r juestion you mus't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these find houses, farms and cattle, do you ever thing who owns them, all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a hundred

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now ?" "Dead!" shouted the boys. "That right. And who will own "Uncle," said Theodora, as she sat all this property then?" "Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

> n going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors, waiting for somebody to treat them 9 "Yes, sir, lots of them."

"Right. Now, tell me-did you ever,

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead!" exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then 917

late gathering of the Howe family in Massachusetts, at which about three thousand of that name were present, dora? Didn't I tell you to stop? I don't believe there's an inch of skin left on my throat!"

"You told me yourself, uncle, that "You told me yourself, uncle, that the state of the state a paper says: "Let us have more gathfamily gathering at some quiet little village somewhere in Rhode Island or

GET Ur.—"My son," said a veteran at the foot of the stairs, "arise and see the newly risen luminary and hear the sweet birds "I think it's Mrs. Perkins, sir, putting fresh kindlings on the kitchen
fire."

"No it isn't!" yelled Uncle Joseph.

"The house is on fire!"

and hear the sweet birds singing the matin' songs of praise to their Cre
tor, come while the dew is on tor, come while the dew is on

An irrate rejoinder trembled on pleasant time of it.

Billey was thunderstruck for a moment, but recovering himself tried to tell the boys how to escape such "Stop stop-it's hot-you're chok-By ALL MEANS,-Speaking of the